

THE BOURBON NEWS
Is essentially a paper for the people.
Pure in tone, it is a Fit Companion
in the Family Circle.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

EVERYBODY
Reads THE BOURBON NEWS, Be
cause it contains all the news. It
goes alike to the humble and great.

SWIFT CHAMP, Editor and Owner.

Printed Every Tuesday and Friday.

Established February 1, 1881.

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 4, 1903.

Leaders Of Style and Fashion.
FRANK & CO.,
404 MAIN STREET.
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

1903-FALL-1903

Dress Goods,
Silks, Velvet,
Dress Trimmings,
Cotton Fabrics.

Ladies Furnishings,
Notions and
Ready-to-Wear Garments
OF ALL KINDS FOR LADIES.

You Are Cordially Invited To Inspect Our Fall
Stock.

FRANK & CO.

IT'S JUST SO!

We Save You Money On Everything In The
Grocery Line.

JUST A FEW PRICES.
Sugaa Cured Bacon.....12 1-2c per lb.
Partridge Brand Breakfast Bacon....16 2c per lb.
Skinned Hams.....16c per lb
Ham Sliced.....20c per lb.

COFFEE.

When it comes to coffee we lead them all.
Our Special, Mocha & Java.....20 cents.
Our Choice, Santos, 1 lb. tin cans.....25 cents.
Banner.....20 cents.
Challenge.....15 cents.
Hawk Eye.....10 cents.
Arioso.....12 1-2 cents.
Vienna Mocha and Java 1 lb. tin.....35 cents.
Best Gun Powder Tea.....75 cents.
Heinz Vinegar, Pickles and Ketchups.

DAVIS & FARIS.
BOTH PHONES 438.

Sip and Reflect



LEXINGTON BREWING CO.

For Sale by HENRY TURNER, Paris, Ky.

Let's All Go.



From present indications it looks like
as many as 400 people will go to the big
Democratic rally at Winchester, Saturday
day, from this place.

Arrangements have been made for a
special train to bring the crowd back
after the speaking. One-fare for round-
trip. Everybody is going. Why not
you?

LIVE STOCK, CROP, ETC.

—At St. Louis, Turney Bros. won a
race with Blue Grass Girl.

—J. Frank Clay sold to Cass Goff 18
head of cattle, yesterday, at \$4.65.

—Ray Moss, of Mt. Sterling, sold to
Henry Caywood, of North Midletown, a
4-year-old gray filly by Pantaleon, for
\$125.

—F. Tabb, of Mt. Sterling has re-
ceived a cablegram from Hamburg,
Germany, for 2,000 pounds of Kentucky
leaf tobacco.

—In Chicago Wednesday, Turney
Bros. won with Duchess Hannah. The
daily papers claim the owners won \$20,-
000 on the race.

—The trotting horsemen, of Lexing-
ton, have sent a purse of \$500 to Ben
Kenney, who was badly hurt in a race
at Providence, R. I.

—J. D. Reid, of Montgomery, sold to
L. Bridgewater 100 150-lb. cattle at 5
cents, and 41 1500-lb. cattle at \$4.70.
Four car-loads go this week; balance
last of September.

—Martin S. Brown, as agent for
John T. Magowan, sold Wednesday to
Michigan capitalists about 5,000 acres of
fine timber land lying in Menifee and
Powell counties. The boundary of land
is said to be the finest virgin forest soil in
Kentucky. The price obtained was
very high.

—Near Richmond, Ky., during a
thunderstorm lightning struck a tree
killing three of five cattle standing
under it. The others were uninjured.
All were the property of Burton Roberts.
A mule and a calf belonging to Jack
Freeman were killed.

—That E. E. Smathers, the well-
known owner of trotting horses, in-
tends to have one of the finest stables of
racers in this county was further evinced
Wednesday by his buying of J. B.
Respass the crack Western three-year-
old bay colt, Dick Welles, by King Eric
—Tea's Over, the reported price being
\$41,000.

—Frankfort a full brother to the
famous Hamburg, has been shipped
from Lexington to Sheephead Bay and
will start in some of the fall handicaps.
He is by Hanover-Lady Reel, and is the
only living full brother to Hamburg.
Since Hamburg's remarkable career in
the stud, James E. Madden, owner of
Frankfort, has decided to try for a
record on the turf before returning him to
the stud.

—We take the following from U. S.
Crop report for Kentucky for week end-
ing Aug. 31: "Early corn is maturing
rapidly in the western and southern
counties promises an extra large yield.
While late corn has been checked by the
recent dry spell, and in north-eastern
counties both early and late crop seri-
ously damaged, it is thought the average
yield will be good. Tobacco is in a fine
condition in the Dark Tobacco district,
where cutting is progressing rapidly.
In the Barley district the condition of
this crop varies greatly—some fields are
good, others small and badly fired are
being cut prematurely."

AMUSEMENTS.

"REAPING THE HARVEST."
—The above great character play is
announced as the attraction at the Grand
Opera House, Tuesday evening, Sept. 8.
A great cast headed by talented little
Julie Roamaine and the clever auth-
oractor Tom Fitch is presenting beautiful
"Reaping the Harvest." Never in the
history of the stage was there offered a
play that has received more universal
praise than the one mentioned above.
It seems the author struck a happy and
profitable theme when he wrote this
great stage story. You cannot afford
to miss it, and we say this regardless of
what your station in life may be. It is
a play for the multitude and the multi-
tude should see it.

Seat sale opens Monday morning at 8
o'clock, at Barland's.

James R. McCann and wife and Miss
Pearl Hammond, their niece, are this
season members of the Adelaide Thurs-
ton Company, presenting the play of
"Polly Primrose." The company start
on their tour from New York.

J. S. WILSON.

D. T. WILSON.

J. S. WILSON & BRO.,
PARIS, KY.

We Wish to Call the Attention of the Public to
the Fact that We Are Now Receiving
Daily a Very Handsome Line of

VEHICLES

of Various Styles—All Up-to-Date in Style and
Workmanship, consisting of

Depot Wagons,
Carriages,
Stanhopes,
Run-a-Bouts,

and, in Fact, any Description of Vehicle you may
Want—Call and See Them, even if
You Dont Wish to Buy.

We are Still Selling the Popular
Chilled Plows and Tornado Disc Harrows.
The Kind that Satisfies Everybody.

JAMES S. WILSON & BRO.,
BANK ROW, NORTH SIDE COURT HOUSE.



BARGAINS!

You can't put off
longer the buying of
that

CARPET

you have been promis-
ing yourself for so long
and you can't afford
not to make your pur-
chase here. A big
bright new stock.

MATTINGS,

LINOLEUM.

Who Wouldn't Furnish a Cozy Home at Our Low Prices and Easy Terms.

\$2.00

HAMMOCKS
For \$1.00.

HIGH GRADE
GO-CARTS.
\$10, \$12.50 and \$15.

WIRE HAMMOCKS,
Everlasting. Never Rust.
\$2 to \$2.50.

FULL LINE
SETTEES
AT HALF PRICE
\$2.50 to \$3.50

See Our Window Prices,
Quality and Quantity :



A. F. WHEELER & CO.

R. YON'S French Periodical Drops

Strictly vegetable, perfectly harmless, sure to accomplish the desired results. Greatest known male remedy.

CAUTION Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine ton with fac-simile signature on side of the box. *[Signature]* just up only in paste board Oct. 1st, 1903.

For Circular to WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Sole Agents, Cleve-

land, Ohio.

[Signature]

For Sale by W. T. BROOKS.

Good Evening.

If you want something nice in the line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, or Hardware, Stoneware, Linware, Queensware and Notions, call on

J. W. CLARKE & CO.,

Grocers,

Millersburg, Ky.

Big Four Route.

Summer Tourist Line To MOUNTAINS, LAKES, FOREST and SHORE.

NEW YORK

Only Depot in the City. Three Trains Daily.

BOSTON

Only Through Sleeping Car Line.

CHICAGO

Private Compartment Sleeping Cars Strictly Modern.

ST. LOUIS

Three Daily Trains. Only Noonday Train.

UNEQUALLED DINING CAR SERVICE,

Modern Equipment,

Fast Schedules.

Trains leave Cincinnati from Central Union Station, Morning, Noon, Night.

Write for Summer Tourist Book.

WARREN J. LYNCH, W. P. DEPPE, Gen'l Pass & T'k'l. Agt., Ass't G.P. & T.A. CINCINNATI, OHIO. J. E. REEVES, General Southern Agt.

CHEAP COLORADO SUMMER RATES.

Commencing June 1st the Burlington Route makes remarkably cheap round trip summer rates to Colorado and Utah resorts—Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City. The daily rate is about half rate, except from July 1st to 10th, when it is even less than half rate.

Cheap to Minnesota Resorts.

Daily. Commencing June 1st, a trifle more than half rates for the round trip to St. Paul, Minneapolis, and all the beautiful Minnesota localities.

Cheap to California.

July 1st to 10th, only \$57.50 from St. Louis; \$62.50 from Chicago to California and return, and from August 1st to 14th still less rates of \$47.50 from St. Louis and \$50.00 from Chicago. Only \$12.00 additional in August for return via Puget Sound and Northern routes through Billings or St. Paul.

The Route for Summer Tours.

Make inquiries of Burlington Agents for rates, routes, etc. The entire West is embraced in the scheme of cheap summer rates during 1903. Describe your proposed trip to us. It will be a pleasure to advise you fully.

W. M. SHAW, D. P. A. L. W. WAKELEY, Gen'l Pass Agt. St. Louis, Mo.

GOOD AS NEW.

We are prepared to Clean, Press, Dye and Repair Clothing, and make them as good as new. Work satisfactory, or no charge. Work done when promised. Prices reasonable. Give us a call. Shop over Howell & Stipp's livery stable. Main street. THOMAS BROS.

SMOKELESS LAMP-WICK

Make old lamps burn like new. Why be annoyed with the old kind when you can get the SMOKELESS WICK. No black smoke, no smell, no odors. Makes a brighter light and a cleaner lamp. They save time and money.

Send us a piece of paper the width of your wick with 25 cents and we will send you a SMOKELESS WICK. No black smoke, no smell, no odors.

Makes a brighter light and a cleaner lamp. They save time and money.

Solar Light Co., Dept. A, Springfield, O.

YET THERE DUCKING BOAT

Will have a life-time. Non-flammable and Indestructible.

16 feet long. Made in Galvan and Steel. 20 feet long.

W. H. MULLINS, 288 Depot St., Salina, Ohio.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

SWIFT CHAMP, EDITOR AND OWNER.

ONE YEAR - \$2.00 | SIX MONTHS - \$1.00

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Entered at the Paris, Ky., post-office as second-class mail matter.

Established 1881 - 23 Year of Continuous Publication.

Display advertisements, \$1.00 per inch for first time; 50 cents per inch each subsequent insertion.

Reading notices, 10 cents per line each issue; reading notices in black type, 20 cents per line each issue.

Cards of thanks, calls on candidates, and similar matter, 10 cents per line. Special rates for big advertisements.

The Autonomic prints a telegram from Constantinople declaring that the sultan, informed by the counsels of Germany, now favors war with Bulgaria. The Turks here, however, take an optimistic view, asserting that there is no danger of a war, as Turkey does not desire one and Prince Ferdinand and the present Bulgarian government are not in a position to force such a war.

The Bulgarian agent at Uskub reports that the detachments of Turkish troops sent to garrison the small towns in that vilayet have spread destruction along their route; the villagers have been robbed and beaten, the women violated and the Christian population subjected to every conceivable outrage, while the local authorities appear to be helpless to stop the atrocities. At the village of Drachevo, six miles from Uskub, the soldiers attacked all the peasants without the gendarmes interfering on behalf of the latter. The Bulgarian agents specify similar excesses in many other villages and the position of the Bulgarian residents is reported to be terrible, as the cruelties committed by the Turkish authorities exceeded all limits.

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The Bulgarian agent at Usk

A DEMENTED FARMER.

He Goes Armed to Call Upon President Roosevelt.

The Secret Service Men Place Him Under Arrest and Had Him Locked Up—He Had Been Practicing With a Revolver Recently.

Oyster Bay, L. I., Sept. 3.—A man giving his name as Henry Weilbrenner was arrested at Sagamore Hill late Tuesday night while making a persistent demand to see President Roosevelt. The man was armed with a revolver fully loaded. He was taken to the village and placed in the town prison.

Weilbrenner was taken to Mineola, L. I., on an evening train and placed in the custody of the county authorities.

It appears that President Roosevelt was aware of the trouble the secret service officers had with Weilbrenner Tuesday night. After the man had been turned back the second time, despite his insistence that he had an engagement with the president, the officer inquired of the president about the fellow. Mr. Roosevelt was in his library only a short distance from the spot where the officer had stopped Weilbrenner's horse. He told the officer he had no engagement with anybody.

When Weilbrenner returned a third time with a demand that he be permitted to see the president, the officer seized him and drew him out of the vehicle over the front wheel. The noise of the scuffle attracted the president's attention. He appeared at the door overlooking the driveway from the veranda as Weilbrenner was taken into the stables, but returned to the library, almost immediately.

Weilbrenner has been practicing with his revolver recently, but he would give no reason for his interest in marksmanship and Wednesday said he could not shoot very well.

It appears that one of his brothers, who attended the examination Wednesday afternoon, is a metal worker and belongs to a labor union in Brooklyn. Some time ago he lost his position and went with his wife to his brother's farm at Syosset. The farm is a good one, but the family is in debt for it, and the father, Henry Weilbrenner, and the son who was arrested Tuesday night, have been working hard to lift the indebtedness. The son from Brooklyn is said to have talked a good deal to his brother recently about labor unions, and about the loss of his position. It is thought that the hard work and the trouble over the farm indebtedness had something to do with unsettling Weilbrenner's mind.

MURDERER SENTENCED.

Knapp Will Expiate His Crime in the Electric Chair December 12.

Hamilton, O., Sept. 3.—Alfred A. Knapp was sentenced to be electrocuted on December 12 by Judge Beldien. When Knapp was asked to stand up to receive his sentence, he was entirely indifferent in his attitude. He heard the sentence without the movement of a finger and to most persons in the court-room had been absolutely stoical, but he was seen by a few persons to swallow rapidly at least a dozen times. That was the only outward indication that the infliction of the death penalty, as it fell from the lips of Judge Beldien, had the slightest effect upon the strangler. Before Judge Beldien had finished reading the technical portion of the sentence, Knapp grew more indifferent and looked carelessly at the court stenographer transcribing it to her note book. Knapp laughed at one of his own jokes, when being taken from the court-room after hearing the death sentence pronounced upon him and said to Sheriff Bisdorf, "That death sentence isn't anything."

A TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

A \$75,000 Structure to Be Erected in Chicago By Women.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—Directors of the Frances E. Willard National Temperance hospital have decided to erect a \$75,000 hospital in Chicago. The building will be the culmination of 19 years of work on the part of the directors, all women, and will crown as successful efforts to treat diseases without the use of alcohol. The building will be five stories high and one of the wards will be dedicated to the use of the loyal temperance legion, a society of children. The staff of the hospital includes prominent allopathic, homeopathic and eclectic doctors.

Big Output of Anthracite Coal.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 3.—During the month of August last the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Coal Co.'s output of coal at the Woodward colliery near here was 64,000 tons, being the largest tonnage ever mined by any single colliery in the Wyoming region.

Death of An Inventor and Geologist.

Watertown, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Daniel Mintorn, 90 years old, an inventor and geologist, died Wednesday. He was the first in this state to grind iron ore into paint and also to grind talc. He died in poverty, although he had accumulated millions.

More Silver Coin for the Philippines.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3.—Under escort of a strong guard, 10,465,000 silver coins, aggregating \$28,650, were shipped from the mint to New York, where they will be put on board a steamship and taken to Manila.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

Ex-Mayor's Son Kills a Woman and Himself.

New York, Sept. 3.—Henry T. Edson, 39 years of age, shot and killed Mrs. Fannie Pullen, 37 years old, Wednesday, and then shot and killed himself. The double tragedy occurred at Edson's residence. The murderer and suicide was Henry Townsend Edson, aged 39 years, a son of former Mayor Franklin Edson and a brother of Dr. Cyrus Edson. Edson is said to have been insanely jealous of the woman and wanted her to go away with him.

The shooting occurred in the presence of Dr. David O. Edson, the suicide's brother, his wife, Mrs. Henry T. Edson, and a baggage mover named Thomas Wood.

The murder and suicide appear to have been premeditated and followed a dramatic scene in which Edson asked Mrs. Pullen, a close and honored friend of his wife and family, to desert her husband and children and fly with him to another state. Mrs. Pullen was a pretty woman and is said to have been the daughter of a United States naval officer.

Members of the Edson family insist that Edson was insane. There are many indications that Edson was madly in love with Mrs. Pullen.

Mrs. Pullen lived with her husband, John F. Pullen, an auditor at the Grand Central station and her two children, Trafton, 16 years old, and Mary, 14 years old.

The Edsons were to break up their home Wednesday morning as a result of an agreement to sign articles of separation, reached the night before. The life of the pair had not been happy.

Mr. Pullen, who is a vestryman of St. Michael's church, made a statement Wednesday night, in which he branded Edson as a defaulter and foreigner and said that he had stolen from the funds of St. Michael's church.

Dr. Cyrus Edson Wednesday night said that the intimations of improper relations between his brother and Mrs. Pullen were absolutely false. His brother, he said, had recently been acting strangely and had admitted that he was involved in financial difficulties. The shooting, Dr. Edson declared, was committed in a moment of maniacal frenzy.

STEAMER BLOWN UP.

Twenty-Nine Persons Killed on the Vaskapu in the Black Sea.

Constantinople, Sept. 3.—Three explosions Wednesday on the Austrian steamer Vaskapu soon after it left the Bulgarian port of Bugas en route for Constantinople killed 29 persons. The vessel caught fire and had to be beached.

The Vaskapu sailed from Varna, Bulgaria, and after calling at Burgas was steaming through the Black Sea to Constantinople when three explosions took place on board.

The Vaskapu belonged to the Hungarian Levant Steamship Co. of Flume, Austria, and has been engaged in the Black Sea service.

She was built in New Castle in 1891 and was a steamer of 1,076 tons. She was 260 feet long and 36 feet beam, and a depth of 16.9 feet.

London, Sept. 3.—In a dispatch from Vienna reporting the destruction of the steamer Vaskapu in the Black Sea the opinion is expressed that the Bulgarian revolutionaries were responsible for the explosion.

TRAGEDY IN A THEATER.

Ten-Year-Old Lad Shot and Killed By a Minstrel Performer.

Birmingham, Ala., Sept. 3.—While the Star minstrel troupe, of Birmingham, was giving a performance in Library hall, Bessemer, Wednesday night, a tragedy occurred in which Edwin Neely, a young Birmingham lad of 10 years, lost his life. Near the close of the performance the people on the stage were supposed to fire a volley of blank cartridges from revolvers. One was loaded, and the bullet took effect in young Neely, killing him instantly. Wade LaSalle, of Birmingham, one of the minstrels, gave himself into the hands of the authorities stating that after the tragedy he discovered that the chambers of his revolver that had not been fired were loaded with ball cartridges.

GOLF CHAMPION DEFEATED.

Glen Cove, Sept. 3.—Lewis James, of Chicago, the national golf champion, was beaten Wednesday in the first round by Archibald Graham, of the North Jersey Club, Paterson, N. J. Graham won by 4 up and 2 to play.

Baron Rothschild Sentenced to Prison.

Paris, Sept. 3.—Baron Henri de Rothschild appeared in the police court to answer the charge of automobile scorching. He was sentenced to one day's imprisonment and a fine of ten francs.

Russia Applies for Space.

St. Louis, Sept. 3.—Commissioner General Alexadrovsky has applied for 5,000 square feet of space in the agricultural building for the Russian government, which desires to make exhibits of Russian-grown cotton and tea.

New Counterfeit Bank Note.

Washington, Sept. 3.—The secret service has reported a new counterfeit \$20 bank note on the Mechanics' national bank, of New Bedford, Mass. The series of 1882, check letter B, charter No. 743, Bruce, Register; Wm. M. Treasurer.

Chicago Trunkmakers on Strike.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—Under escort of a strong guard, 10,465,000 silver coins, aggregating \$28,650, were shipped from the mint to New York, where they will be put on board a steamship and taken to Manila.

THE PHILIPPINE VETS.

They Paraded Through the Principal Streets of St. Paul.

Two Squads of G. A. R. Men Were in Line—Gen. Charles King, of Wisconsin, Elected President of the Organization.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 2.—The army of the Philippines held a two hours' session Tuesday and selected St. Louis as the place for the next annual reunion. In an address of some length, Gen. Irving Hale delivered a glowing eulogy on the work of the army in the Philippines and then discussed pending legislation of the convention.

Gen. Hale scored a hit in his address when he declared that the national society of the army of the Philippines were here to stay, and that it must never allow itself to be absorbed. He said: "An important matter for our consideration is the relation of this society to the several other societies of the Spanish-American war. We must co-operate with them so far as possible, and no doubt in time many of them will combine with others. But it must be understood that we must never merge this society into any other. It has a distinctive character and is destined to live and grow in American history."

Gen. Hale in his address spoke in favor of the retention of Secretary Schutte. He also favored a change in the constitution, which would admit contract surgeons to membership.

Secretary Schutte's report showed that during the past year new camps have been organized in 14 different states. The report of the committee on new regulations was adopted.

Letters from President Roosevelt, Gen. Miles and Adm. Dewey were read.

Wednesday will witness the parade of the veterans, preceding which there will be a brief business session. In the evening a public meeting will be held at which Gen. Hale will deliver an address.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 3.—Veterans of two wars Wednesday marched shoulder to shoulder through streets thronged with thousands anxious to pay them their need of praise.

The parade was headed by Gen. C. McGreve as grand marshal, and a column about 3,000 strong marched through the down town streets. The parade was led by a platoon of mounted policemen. Then came the 21st United States infantry under command of Maj. Hunter Leggett, followed by the Tenth United States field battery, under command of Capt. Ridgeway.

Two little squads of G. A. R. men called forth the greatest applause accorded any organization. The third division consisted of the First Infantry national guard. The fourth division also consisted of the national guard; also the boys' brigade. Then came a dozen carriages containing Gov. Van Zandt and staff and several officers connected with the army headquarters.

Next followed what was perhaps the most beautiful feature of the parade, the living flag, composed mostly of little school girls.

The society of the army of the Philippines under command of Brig. Gen. Hale was the last division, but by far the most imposing. At the head of it rode Gen. Hale and Gen. King and Col. Metcalf. They marched well and were greeted with cheers and waving hats all along the line.

At the business session Wednesday afternoon officers were elected as follows: President, Gen. Charles King, Wisconsin; first vice president, Col. J. W. Pope, Colorado; second vice president, Capt. C. E. Locke, Colorado; third vice president, F. M. Schutte, St. Paul; fourth vice president, Capt. M. A. Crowe, Pennsylvania; fifth vice president, Col. W. S. Metcalf, Kansas; sixth vice president, Maj. D. S. Fairchild, Jr., Iowa; secretary, A. E. Fouts, Missouri; treasurer, E. J. White, Illinois; chaplain, Capt. James M. Mailley, Nebraska.

The reunion came to a close Wednesday night with a camp fire at the People's church.

FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Effort to Arrange a Series of Games Between Winning Ball Teams.

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 2.—Henry Killilea, of this city, owner of the Boston American league club, will meet Barney Dreyfus, owner of the Pittsburgh team of the National league, in a few days and endeavor to arrange for a series of games this fall between the winning teams of the two major leagues and play for the championship of the United States.

Failed to Lower His Record.

Galesburg, Ill., Sept. 3.—Against a high southwest wind blowing across Williams track, Crescens was unable to lower his trotting record of 2:02½ Wednesday. The big stallion made a great effort but could do no better than 2:06½.

Quarrymen's International Union.

Washington, Sept. 3.—In accordance with instructions from the American Federation of Labor, representatives of the various quarrymen's unions in the United States convened here to effect an international union of quarrymen.

A New World's Bicycle Record.

Boston, Sept. 2.—Harry Caldwell established a new world's competitive record at the Charles River track Monday night, riding 50 miles in one hour. His distance for 30 minutes was 25 miles and 954 yards.

ONE OF THE LATEST
COPYRIGHTED BY
J. H. Johnson
DESIGNERS AND
MAKERS OF
FINE CLOTHING.

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT THAT TWIN BROS.
Have been Uniform Each Year in the Growth of Trade.

We certainly give our customers the benefit of the best goods at lowest prices, and show the neatest line of Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing, the Schoss Bros.' Fine Tailored Suits and Trousers, W. L. Douglas' \$2.55, \$3 and \$3.50 Greatest Shoes for Men and Boys that you can buy for durability and style.

Stetson Fine Hats, Monarch White and Fancy Shirts, Underwear, Neckwear Etc. Our Dry Goods Department is now filled with the choicest line of Dress Goods and Silks, Ladies' Stylish Waists and Skirts, Muslin Underwear, White Goods, Percales, etc.; large assortment of White Goods, Laces, Hamburgs; Notions of all kinds.

Maloney Bros.' Fine Shoes and Oxfords for Ladies, Misses and Children. The Little Red School House Shoe so satisfactory for Misses' and Children's wear. Fine line of Oxford and strap Sandals for Ladies, Misses and Children.

We invite you to call in and inspect our handsome, stylish, durable line of Clothing, Dry goods, Dress Goods, etc. Suits and Trousers also made to order.

Twin Brothers' Big Department Store.
Bourbon's Big Bargain Bargainers.

Main Street, Paris Ky.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
Thrice-a-Week Edition.
Read Wherever the English Language is Spoken.

Frankfort & Cincinnati Railway.
"THE MIDLAND ROUTE."
LOCAL TIME CARD
IN EFFECT JANUARY 26, 1903.

P.M.	DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.	A.M.	P.M.
2:00 6:50	Frankfort . . Ar 11:20 7:15	8:45	8:30
2:06 6:58	Steambottom . . L 11:18 7:08	8:45	8:30
2:11 7:04	Elkhorn . . L 11:18 7:08	8:45	8:30
2:17 7:10	Lexington . . L 11:18 7:08	8:45	8:30
2:39 7:22	Stamping Ground . . L 10:50 6:45	8:45	8:30
2:47 7:29	Duval . . L 10:43 6:35	8:45	8:30
2:41 7:35	Johnson . . L 10:37 6:28	8:45	8:30
2:47 7:45	Georgetown . . L 10:32 6:28	8:45	8:30
3:05 8:01	Lawrence . . L 10:26 6:18	8:45	8:30
3:07 8:13	Newtown . . L 9:45 6:50	8:45	8:30
3:11 8:17	Centerville . . L 9:42 5:53	8:45	8:30
3:20 8:27	Elizabeth . . L 9:32 5:45	8:45	8:30
3:25 8:30	Paris . . L 9:30 5:42	8:45	8:30

Connects at Georgetown Union Depo with Q. & C.
Connects at Paris Union Depot with Kentucky Central.
Connects at Frankfort Union Depot with L. & N.

BETWEEN FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI VIA GEORGETOWN.

P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
2:00 6:50	Frankfort . . Ar 11:20 7:15	7:15
2:25 7:55	Georgetown . . Ar 10:2 6:1	8:22
6:15 10:15	Cincinnati . . L 8:39 4:00	5:25

BETWEEN FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI VIA PARIS.

P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
2:00	Lv	Frankfort . . Ar 7:15
2:51	Lv	Georgetown . . Ar 10:2 6:1
3:30	Lv	Paris . . L 8:39 4:00
7:20	12:45 P.M.	Cincinnati . . L

**Kentucky
and
Superior
Disc Drills.**

**Hancock
Disc Plows
and
Stoddard
Disc Harrows**

are the leading farm tools of their kind. Known everywhere as the best. They do the work just right, and always give satisfaction. Be sure you see them before you buy.

Choice Seed Rye
and
Timothy Seed.

R. J. Neely.

HOWARD HATS

FOR

FALL 1903.

Are On Hand In The Latest Shapes and Color.

THE BEST HAT IN KENTUCKY FOR \$3

The Latest Style Hats In All Colors and Shapes

—AT—

\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

**Price & Co.,
CLOTHIERS.**

RECLEANED

**"NORTHERN" SEED WHEAT.
(FULTZ.)**

RECLEANED

"NORTHERN" SEED RYE.

NEW TIMOTHY SEED.

Chas. S. Brent & Bro.

BAIRD & TAYLOR

Fresh Vegetables Received Daily.
Home Grown Melons.

Heintz Double Strength Pickling
Vinegar.

Our Pickling Spices Guaranteed
Pure.

... BAIRD & TAYLOR ...

THE BOURBON NEWS.
(Entered at the Post-office at Paris,
Ky., as second-class mail matter.)
TELEPHONE NO. 124.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
SWIFT CHAMP, EDITOR AND OWNER

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce E. P. Clarke as a candidate for Sheriff of Bourbon County, with Albert S. Thompson and Wm. F. Talbot as deputies, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Harvey Hibler as a candidate for Sheriff of Bourbon County, with Brutus J. Clay Jr., and James Burke as deputies, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Democratic Campaign Opens Saturday.

The details of the opening of the Democratic campaign were formally decided upon Wednesday in a conference between Governor Beckham, Judge S. W. Hager, Chairman of the Campaign Committee; Louis McQuown, John Laesing and J. B. Brasher.

Gov. Beckham will leave Frankfort this afternoon for Lexington and will spend the night there. He will leave on an early train for Winchester, arriving there about 9 o'clock Saturday morning. He will be entertained at the hotel and will meet his friends informally till after dinner. The speaking will begin in the afternoon.

Three special trains will run to Winchester to assist in the celebration. They will carry thousands of passengers from Lexington, Louisville and Covington. The delegations from the two latter cities will be accompanied by brass bands.

WHEN casting your vote for councilmen at the coming primary don't forget the gentlemen who are led around with a ring in their nose and persuaded to vote which ever way a certain gentleman wants them to. Let's have men to run the city affairs who have minds of their own and do not let others do their thinking for them.

POPULAR LANDLORD.—Mr. D. D. Connor, the popular hotel man, will take charge of Hotel Fordham on Sept. 8th for himself. The house has been leased to other parties for the past eighteen months. With the affable Dan in the office and his excellent wife as housekeeper, is enough to insure the public that no better hotel can be found in Kentucky. (tf)

CHURCH CHIMES.

—There will be a business meeting of the members of the Baptist church Sunday morning at 10:30. All members are requested to be present.

—The regular services at the Bethlehem Christian Church, Rev. Brooks, pastor, will be changed this month from the first and third to the second and third Sundays.

The following is an official list of the election officers selected to conduct the Democratic City Primary, to be held in Paris, on Wednesday, September 9, 1903:

ELECTION OFFICERS:

Precinct No. 1.—Judges, H. O. James, Geo. Speakes; Sheriff, C. D. Webb; Clerk, A. G. Savage.

Precinct No. 2.—Judges, Albert Lyons, O. Edwards; Sheriff, George Ashurst; Clerk, T. E. Moore.

Precinct No. 3.—Judges, M. Murphy, Geo. Crossdale; Sheriff, J. D. Owens; Clerk, C. L. Blackerby.

Precinct No. 4.—Judges, J. Henry Ewalt, W. H. Ingels; Sheriff, J. T. Quisenberry; Clerk, Wm. Remington.

Precinct No. 5.—Judges, Ed Walsh, M. F. Kenney; Sheriff, M. L. Woods; Clerk, Lanceford Talbot.

Precinct No. 6.—Judges, N. C. Fisher, J. H. Haggard; Sheriff, Claude Redmon; Clerk, Mike Comack.

NOTICE!

All accounts of Tempkin & Co. have been due since June 1st, and those owing the firm will please call at the office of The Tempkin Lumber Co. on or before September 20th and settle same, as these accounts must be closed at once. 4-4t

CUPID'S ARROW.

Friends and relatives in this city have received invitations to the marriage of Miss Lucile Fuller to Mr. Charles Edward Gilpin, which will take place on Tuesday, the fifteenth of September at St. Luke's Episcopal church, Hot Springs, Va. Miss Fuller is the daughter of Harry W. Fuller, general passenger agent of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, and their home is in Washington City.

—Mr. Geo. Columbia and Miss Lula Shumate were married in this city Wednesday. Elder J. S. Sweeney was the officiating minister.

—We were handed yesterday by Mr. W. M. Goodloe a very unique and beautiful engraved invitation to the golden wedding of his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Delaney Miller Lacke, which will take place at their home in Lancaster, Ky., yesterday, from 8 to 11 o'clock. The invitation is on old gold paper, with engraved photos of the couple taken in 1893 and 1903. Relatives from this city who attended are: Mrs. Chas. Stephens, Mrs. W. M. Hinton, Miss Bertha Hinton, Miss Lucy Miller and W. M. Goodloe.

DEATHS.

—Dr. Nelson V. Prewitt, of Winchester, who was operated on last Sunday for appendicitis, died at St. Joseph Hospital, Lexington, at 4 o'clock Wednesday morning. Dr. Prewitt was thirty-two years old and had been a practicing physician at Winchester for about eight years.

—Mrs. Chas. S. Hasson, aged about 30 years, died at her home in this city Wednesday morning, at 3:30 o'clock, after a protracted illness of typhoid fever. Mrs. Hasson before marriage was Miss Mary O'Donnell, of Mason county. She was a sister of Nick, Frank and Hugh O'Donnell, of Paris. She is survived by her husband and two children, a daughter of 5 years and a son of 14 months. Her remains were taken to Maysville Thursday morning, where the funeral will be held this morning. Rev. Father Jones officiating. Interment in the Washington cemetery.

—Mr. John W. Harmon, one of our most prominent and wealthiest farmers, arrived at his home on the Clintonville pike from the Good Samaritan Hospital, at Lexington, at 5 o'clock, Wednesday, evening, and died at 6:30. He had been in poor health for a number of years. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. Ed. Turner, of this county.

Funeral services will be held at the residence this morning at 10 o'clock, conducted by the Rev. Dr. E. H. Rutherford.

Notice.

The Globe Tailoring Co. will have their Fall display of woolens for suiting, trowerings, overcoatings, etc., at Twin Bros., Sept. 8, 9 and 10. Call and leave your measure.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Household and Kitchen Furniture

I will sell at the Baptist Parsonage, on Fifth street, on

Saturday, September 5th, 1903,

at 2 o'clock sharp, all my household furniture, consisting in part of 2 sets of furniture; handsome folding bed; combined book-case and desk; chiffonier; Brussels carpets; lace curtains; extension table; stands; chairs; beds and bedding; dishes, etc.; also pictures; bric-a-brac, etc.; a splendid range, refrigerator, etc.

My goods are new—used only a short time.

MISS LUCY LOWREY.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

DR. L. H. LANDMAN,
Hotel Windsor,
Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1903.

PARKER & JAMES,

PARIS, KY.

FINE TAILORING.

Our Tailoring Department gives you clothes after your own ideas. You select your fabrics and you dictate. You tell us how you want this and how you want that. The clothes you get individuality into them, with our style, fit, and good work.

If the suit isn't right, who is hurt most—you or our tailor?

You're out your time; we're out both money and time, and get a black eye among your friends.

So it pays us to get the best stuffs and the best tailors.

THEY'RE HERE, AT YOUR SERVICE.

The new Fall and Winter Woolens are ready—\$10 to \$25—Suits or Overcoat. New shades, new weaves, new styles of making.

Let us have your measure. It will cost you nothing unless you say that everything is exactly right and satisfactory. One price to all. All good marked in plain figures.

Parker & James,
CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, FURNISHERS.

Paris, — - - - - Kentucky.

Y. M. B. O. D.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR
FREEMAN & FREEMAN
— DEALERS IN —



Store will be open to-morrow in the R. C. Tucker stand between Winters' and Parker & James.

GIVE THEM A CALL

Suits, Cloaks and Dress Goods.

Owing to the fact that many young ladies are making preparations for their Fall and Winter outfit before leaving for College, as well as the early Fall brides-to-be—we have ordered our complete stock to be sent earlier than usual. It's none too early to see the choice things.

The above stocks mentioned are much larger than ever before.

Mitchell, Cassell & Baker.

THE BOURBON NEWS

SWIFT CHAMP, EDITOR AND OWNER.

WALL PAPER.—Bargains in Wall Paper at Hinton's. Large stock to select from—no old patterns.

NOTICE.—Dr. C. H. Bowen, optician, will be at A. J. Winters & Co.'s, on Thursday, Sept. 10th. Examination free.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—Elsie Bailey, 25 years old, of Bath county, is dead from the excessive use of cigarettes and in-toxicants.

WANTED.—Buyer for first-class, high grade piano. Apply at NEWS office. Purchaser can get bargain.

BANKS SUED.—The city of Frankfort has filed suits against two banks to recover back taxes on franchise valuations. The amounts sued for aggregate \$20,000.

NEW YORK grown Fultz Seed, Wheat and Northern Seed-Rye, for sale.

E. F. SPEARS & SONS.

SCARLET FEVER.—A telegram from Bowling Green, Ky., states there is an epidemic of scarlet fever in that county. We notice that this dreaded disease is raging in several counties in our state.

MUSIC FOR SALE.—Popular music for sale by Geo. J. Groche, at Postal Telegraph Office. (2t).

TWO NEW BRIDGES.—The Fiscal Court will shortly build two new steel bridges in Bourbon—one over Boone's Creek, near Flat Rock, and one over Strode's Creek, near Escondida.

THOMSON'S summer shoes are just the thing for this weather.

A PATRIOTIC COW.—At Petersburg, Ky., Owen Allen has a cow that gave birth to three calves. A strange thing about the youngsters is that they are of the national colors—red, white and blue.

WHITE ROCK Lime by the barrel, cart or wagon load. There is no waste to it and its pure white.

GEO. W. STUART.

BUY NOW.—If you want bargains in Porch Chairs, Wall Paper and Refrigerators, now is the time to buy. J. T. Hinton has a large stock that he is selling at bargains to those who will buy now.

CRIMINAL LIBEL.—At Frankfort, Ky., the charge of criminal libel was Tuesday morning preferred by State School Superintendent, H. V. McChesney, against Editor Young E. Allison, of the Louisville Herald, and against Geo. W. Riley, its local correspondent.

VINEGAR AND SPICES.—Don't forget that we have Heintz Pure Vinegar and the best of spices.

C. P. COOK & CO.

AFTER BACK TAXES.—State Revenue Agent C. T. Albritton, has filed 159 suits in the Bourbon County Court against citizens of this city and county. He will be in the city to-day, to-morrow, Monday and again on the 17th, and if any of the parties sued desire a compromise they can find him at the County Clerk's office on the above days.

KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL.—Miss Nellie Marsh will open her Kindergarten School at the residence of Judge Mann, Monday, September 14. Public patronage solicited.

CASE CONTINUED.—The case of Jim Fields, colored, who so seriously cut George Whitesides, also colored, on Saturday night, was called in police court, Wednesday on account of the prosecuting witness not being able to appear, the case was continued, with bond fixed at \$2,500, in default of which he was remanded to jail.

CAUTION.—Beer put up in dark colored bottles is not always Wiedemann's. See that it has the Crown tin stopper branded "Wiedemann."

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A GREAT GAS WELL.—At Barbourville, Ky., the Tye Bend Oil Co. has sold its oil and gas well along the Cumberland river to J. A. McDermott, and Lt. Gov. M. C. Alford, of Lexington. The gas from these wells, one of which is 3,000 feet deep and regarded as one of the greatest gas-producing wells in this State, will be used to light and heat a city. A plant will be put in that will cost from \$80,000 to \$50,000.

OCULIST.—Dr. Landman, the oculist, will be at Windsor Hotel, Tuesday, 8th inst.

A New Brass Band.

At the regular meeting of Paris Lodge, No. 373, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, they made an appropriation of \$300, for the purchase of a set of brass band instruments, and a band will be organized at once among the members of the lodge.

It will not be the intention of the new organization to take engagements and will only be for the pleasure and amusement of the lodge.

It is said that an entertainment will soon be given at the opera house by the members of the lodge, which will eclipse anything that they have heretofore attempted.

Town Tax.

The revenue raised in Paris is enormous for so small a town and the wonder is what becomes of it.

The assessment of the banks alone has added to the taxable property something like six hundred thousand dollars, to say nothing of the improvement that is constantly going on in the town. And yet the tax rate is kept up to \$1.25, and this, added to the dollar rate for State and county is a great burden. A dollar rate for the city ought to pay every legitimate expense.

If the new council ticket is elected the tax rate will be lowered.

Do tax-payers prefer a high rather than a low tax rate? If the lower rate is desired, vote for the new council ticket.

Ask For Anything You Desire.

The Winchester Democrat kindly extends the following invitation for Saturday's Democratic doings in that city: "Do you admire bluff, hearty speaking?"

Then come and hear Joe Blackburn, Saturday. Do you admire plain statements and arguments backed up by facts and figures? Senator McCreary fills the bill. Is it burning eloquence and rhythmical periods you desire?

Ollie James will be here. Do you want an honest account of his stewardship from your most trusted servant? Then hear Gov. Beckham. Do you care nothing for speech making? Then come and enjoy the burgoo. We will give you plenty of excellent music for good measure and if there is any thing else you desire, ask for it."

And This, Too.

The fact that a man takes a drink himself occasionally is no indication that he is in favor of having saloons open and doing business on Sunday. Many a man takes a drink, and even gets drunk, for that matter, but yet believes that laws ought to be respected and not violated.

The Sunday closing law is a proper recognition of the rights of the persons, men and women, who believe that Sunday is different from other days, and that the particular business which is most obnoxious to the moral sense on that day.

It is simply demanded of the saloons that they obey the law against selling liquor on Sunday. Certainly it is not too much to ask that one day at least should be respected by them.

If you agree with us, vote for the new council ticket.

A Warning.

Nothing said by us in reference to the violation of the Sunday closing law by the saloons is intended to apply to the 3 or saloons which have always obeyed the law.

These saloons have a right to be protected against the others which violate the law by keeping open.

Their customers who go to the other saloons on Sunday are apt to not return, and in this way those saloons which obey the law do so at sacrifice. They have a right to be protected from such infringement upon their trade.

They have also a right to be protected from the general indignation aroused against all saloons by the violation of the law by others and for which they are in no sense responsible.

THE NEWS is in favor of saloon license and it would warn the saloons for their own good that the patience of the people has been terribly tried, and unless there is a great change in the situation here, especially in the matter of Sunday closing, they will raise a storm that will either close them up entirely or make them spend all the money they have saved to prevent it.

No change can be expected from the old council.

Then let's elect the new council.

HAVE you seen those ladies' Oxfords hat have just arrived at Thomson's?

A Pointed Query.

PARIS, KY., Aug. 31, '03.

Editor of NEWS:

I would like to ask the Old Council, through your columns, if they are elected, if they will again appoint a Republican as City Treasurer? It seems a little strange that a Democrat could not be found in the City of Paris to fill this position. Please let this query appear in each issue of THE NEWS until it is answered, as I do not want to vote for a ticket which will appoint Republicans in preference to Democrats.

Respectfully,

A DEMOCRAT.

NOTE.—This is the second issue that the above communication has appeared in the NEWS and we have not heard from any of the old council yet.

EDITOR.

The Way To Vote.

If you are against "ring rule", high taxes, and numerous other things that are a disgrace to the city of Paris, you should vote for the new ticket for Council. The gentlemen composing the new ticket are:

First Ward—Fletcher Mann, Newton Mitchell, Harry Staumer.

Second Ward—J. S. Wilson, H. C. Hatchcraft, Nick Connell.

Third Ward—W. C. Dodson.

PERSONAL MENTION

Kaufman, Straus & Co.

Lexington, Ky.

The Real Live Department Store of Central Kentucky.

ELEGANT

Are the New Fall Modes FOR WOMEN.

The more we urge you to come and see the new creations in

Tailor-Made Suits,

the more enthusiastic we become. The styles are so varied and there are so many new materials and effects that the finding of a style particularly suited for every individual figure is a very simple matter.

It is no wonder that the fashionable dressers of to-day are depending more and more upon the leading style stores for their clever things in preference to the individual designers.

Judge E. C. O'Rear, of the Court of Appeals, was in the city yesterday enroute to the Methodist Conference, at Cynthiana.

Maj. Addison Craft, of Holly Springs, Miss., is visiting Dr. E. H. Rutherford. Mrs. Carrie Douglas, of Versailles, is with her sister, Mrs. E. H. Rutherford.

Wm. Nickels has been here for several days from Lexington, mixing with old friends. Mr. Nickels is now connected with the Combs Lumber Co., in that city.

Bessie Tom, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Collier, nee Purnell, of Millersburg, was taken to one of the Lexington Hospitals Monday, and is reported very low.

The Lexington Leader says: Among the visitors in the city to-day is Mrs. Evaline Rogers, of Paris, familiarly called at home "Miss Ev." Mrs. Rogers is decidedly motherly in her manners and a dearly beloved woman.

Geo. Osborne, son of Wm. Osborne, formerly of this place, now of Atlanta, Ga., was here for several days this week shaking hands with old friends. Mr. Osborne has not been to Paris before for twelve years. He is official court stenographer at Atlanta.

The following composed a pleasant boating party Wednesday night: Miss Kate Alexander, Miss Polly Mason, Miss Margaret Davis, Miss Bettie Brent Johnson, Mr. Duncan Bell, Mr. Buckner Woodford, Mr. Quincy Ward and Mr. Bliss Edgar.

The women of Paris who like to see what is newest and best, are respectfully asked to let that be a sufficient reason for an early visit to the big Department Store of KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO. Wander where you will about the store; you'll be unhindered and not asked to buy. But if you want to buy, you'll find prompt, interested, efficient treatment.

Kaufman, Straus & Co., Lexington, Ky.

THE FAIR!

GREAT FRIDAY VALUES.

Blue and White Milk Pans 10c.

Fiber Lunch Box, 3c.

Towels, every thread pure linen 5c.

Florida Water, 25c quality, a bottle, 9c

8 inch Wellsbach Gas Chimneys, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ c

No. 2 Rochester Chimneys, 5c.

XXX Envelopes, $\frac{1}{4}$ thousand in a box, extra quality, a box, 10cBest Quality Table Oil Cloth, a yd. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c

Magic Needle Threaders 5c.

Chines Decorated Tea Pot Stands 10c

Large Fancy Painted Foot Tubs 35c.

ATTRACTIVE NOVELTIES FOR EARLY FALL AT W. ED. TUCKER'S

A beautiful and stylish assortment of Dress Goods in the newest and choicest colorings with trimmings "up-to-the-minute."
INSPECTION INVITED.
W. ED. TUCKER,
The G. Tucker Stand.
529-531 MAIN STREET.
PHONE 297

"Don't Separate Yourself From Your MONEY Until You Have Seen My Goods."

You will See Lots of "Hot Air Talk" about Low Prices and Big Stocks, but You Know Where to Find the Largest Stock to Select from, and you can

JUDGE THE PRICES YOURSELF!

Wall Paper.

I will show you Ten Patterns of Wall Paper to any other dealer's one. Price 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. up.

Carpets, Matting.

I have the only full line of Carpets and Matting to be found in Paris. Can let you see how your carpet will look on your floor before you buy it. You don't have to select from a little dinky sample of a yard of goods.

Furniture.

Now, really, I don't have to tell you about that. You know I buy the best made and back up every thing I sell. If you buy on credit here, you don't pay six prices for it just because we accommodate you; and then if your Furniture comes from here you know it is new, as we have no second-hand goods in stock. I absolutely guarantee you better goods and at lower prices, quality considered, than any Furniture house in Central Ky.

J. T. HINTON,
PARIS, KY.

AMBULANCE.

Undertaking in all its branches. Embalming scientifically attended to.

Summer Footwear.

Not only is our stock complete, but the Shoes of which it is composed are strictly up-to-date. Every model is of new design, and the

LADIES' OXFORDS,
TIES and SLIPPERS

are suggestive of daintiness and comfort. Won't you let us shoe you?

Thomson, the Shoe Man.

THE FAIR.



THE OLD HOME CREEK.

If I could have my way
You bet I'd have, by gings!
Things fix'd so ev'ry holiday
Would come around in Spring!
I'd like to simply bunch 'em up,
All of 'em in one week,
All go and spend 'em fishin'
Down along the old home creek!

To cut an alder limb,
A spriggy one and long,
An' git a wove seagrass line,
A long an' thin an' strong,
An' ketch me some grasshoppers,
Or some blue bottle flies,
An' cast along the ol' home creek
Where hemlock shadows lies.

Oh, jest ter fix 'em up,
My holidays you know,
So they 'ud bunch 'em fill my cup
Till it would overflow.
For all the rest the long, long year
I'd make my Sundays do,
Give me my holidays in spring
When buds are bustin' thoo.

I want to trot away
Down into the orchard grass,
An' hear the sassy marmay squall
An' mock like a makin' bird
An' mock the tinklin' brook
An' fast set bubbin' full o' song
The while I bait my hook.
—J. M. Lewis, In Houston Post.

A Daughter of the Sioux.

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XX.

In the hush of the wintry night, under a leaden sky, with snowflakes falling thick and fast and mantling the hills in fleecy white, Webb's column had halted among the sturdy pines, the men exchanging muttered, low-toned query and comment, the horses standing with bowed heads, occasionally pawing the soft coverlet and sniffing curiously at this filmly barrier to the bunch grass they sought in vain. They had feasted together; these comrade troopers and chargers ere the sun went down—the men on abundant rations of agency bacon, flour and brown sugar, found with black tailed deer and mountain sheep in abundance in the captured village, and eked out by supplies from the pack train—the horses on big "blankets" of oats set before them by sympathetic friends and masters. Then when the skies were fairly dark, Webb had ordered little fires lighted all along the bank of the stream, leaving the men of Ray's and Billings' troops to keep them blazing through the long night watches to create the impression among the lurking Sioux that the whole force was still there, guarding the big village it had captured in the early afternoon, and then, in silence, the troopers had saddled and jogged away into the heart of the hills, close on the heels of their guides.

There had been little time to look over the captures. The main interest of both officers and men, of course, centered in Mr. Hay, who was found in one of the tepees, prostrate from illness and half frantic from fever and strong mental excitement. He had later tidings from Frayne, it seems, than had his rescuers. He could assure them of the health and safety of their wives and little ones, but would not tell them what was amiss in his own household. One significant question he asked: Did any of them know this new Maj. Flint? No? Well, God help Flint, if ever he, Hay got hold of him.

"He's delirious," whispered Webb, and rode away in that conviction, leaving him to Ray and Billings. —Three miles out, on the tortuous trail of the pursued, the column halted and dismounted among the pines. Then there was a brief conference, and the word "Mount" was whispered along the Beecher squadron, while Blake's men stood fast. With a parting clasp of the hand Webb and "Legs" had returned to the head of their respective commands, "Legs" and his fellows to follow steadily the Indian trail through the twisting ravines of the foothills; Webb to make an all-night forced march, in wide detour and determined effort, to head off the escaping warriors before they could reach the rocky fastnesses back of Bear Cliff. Webb's chief scout "Bat," chosen by Gen. Crook himself, had been a captive among the Sioux through long years of his boyhood, and knew the Big Horn Range as Webb did the hanks of the Wabash. "They can stand off a thousand soldiers," said the guide, "if once they get into the rocks. They'd have gone there first off only there was no water. Now there's plenty snow."

So Blake's instructions were to follow them without pushing, to let them feel they were being pursued, yet by no means to hasten them, and, if the general's favorite scout proved to be all he promised as guide and pathfinder, Webb might reasonably hope by dint of hard night riding to be first at the tryst at break of day. Then they would have the retreating Sioux, hampered by their few wounded and certain prisoners whom they prized, hemmed between rocky heights on every side, and sturdy horsemen front and rear.

It was eight by the watch at the parting of the ways. It was 8:30 when Blake retook the trail, with

Sergeants Schreiber and Winsor, the latter borrowed from Ray, far in the van. Even had the ground been hard and stony these keen-eyed soldier scouts could have followed the signs almost as unerringly as the Indians, for each had had long years of experience all over the west; but, despite the steadily falling snow, the traces of hoofs and, for a time, of travois poles could be readily seen and followed in the dim gray light of the blanketed skies. Somewhere aloft, above the film of cloud, the silvery moon was shining, and that was illumination more than enough for men of their years on the trail.

For over an hour, Blake followed the windings of a ravine that grew closer and steeper as it burrowed into the hills. Old game trails are as good as turnpikes in the eyes of the plainsman. It was when the ravine began to split into branches that the problem might have puzzled them, had not the white fleece lain two inches deep on the level when "Lo" made his dash to escape. Now the rough edges of the original impression were merely rounded over by the new fallen snow. The hollows and ruts and depressions led on from one deep cleft into another, and by midnight Blake felt sure the quarry could be but a few miles ahead and Bear Cliff barely five hours march away. So, noiselessly, the signal "Halt!" went rearward down the long, dark, sinuous column of twos, and every man slipped out of saddle, some of them stamping, so numb were their feet. With every mile the air had grown keener and colder. They were glad when the next word whispered was, "Lead on!" instead of "Mount."

By this time they were far up among the pine-fringed heights, with the broad valley of the Big Horn lying outspread to the west, invisible as the stars above, and neither by ringing shot nor winged arrow had the leaders known the faintest check. It seemed as though the Indians, in their desperate effort to carry off the most important or valued of their charges, were bending all their energies to expediting the retreat. Time enough to turn on the pursuers when once the rocks had closed about them—when the wounded were safe in the fastnesses and the pursuers far from supports. But at the foot of a steep ascent, the two leading scouts—rival sergeants of rival troops, but devoted friends for nearly twenty years—were seen by the next in column, a single corporal followed them at thirty yards distance, to halt and begin poking at



HE FOUND SCHREIBER CROUCHING AT THE FOOT OF A TREE GAZING WARILY FORWARD.

some dark object by the wayside. Then they pushed on again. A dead pony, under a quarter inch coverlet of snow was what met the eyes of the silently trudging command as it followed. The high-peaked wooden saddle tree was still "einchined" to the stiffening carcass. Either the Indians were pushed for time or overstocked with saddlery. Presently there came a low whistle from the military "middleman" between the scouts and a little advance guard. "Run ahead," growled the sergeant commanding to his boy trumpeter. "Give me your reins." And, leaving his horse, the youngster stumbled along up the winding trail; got his message and waited. "Give this to the captain," was the word sent back by Schreiber, and "this" was a mitten of Indian tanned buckskin, soft and warm, if unsightly, a mitten too small for a warrior's hand, if ever warrior deigned to wear one—a mitten the captain examined curiously, as he ploughed ahead of his main body, and then turned to his subaltern with a grin on his face:

"Beauty draws us with a single hair," said he, "and can't shake us even when she gives us the mitten, Ross," he added, after a moment's thought, "remember this. With this gang there are two or three subchiefs that we should get, alive or dead, but the chief end of man, so far, as 'K' Troop's concerned, is to capture that girl, unharmed."

And just at dawn, so gray and wan and pallid it could hardly be told from the pale moonlight of the earlier hours, the dark, snake-like column was halted again, nine miles further in among the wooded heights. With Bear Cliff still out of range and sight, something had stopped the scouts, and Blake was needed at the front. He found Schreiber crouching at the foot of a tree, gazing warily forward along a southward-sloping face of the mountain that was sparsely covered with tall, straight pines, and that faded into mist a few hundred yards away. The trail—the main trail, that is—seemed to go straight away eastward, and, for

a short distance, downward through a hollow or depression; while, up the mountain side to the left, the north, following the spur or shoulder, there were signs of hoof tracks, half sheeted by the new-fallen snow, and through this fresh, fleecy mantle ploughed the trooper boots in rude, insistent pursuit. The sergeant's horses were held by a third soldier a few yards back behind the spur, for Winsor was "side scouting" up the heights.

The snowfall had ceased for a time. The light was growing broader every moment, and presently a soft whistle sounded somewhere up the steep, and Schreiber answered. "He wants us, sir," was all he said, and in five minutes they had found him, sprawled on his stomach on a projecting ledge, and pointing southeastward, where, boldly outlined against the gray of the morning sky, a black and beetling precipice towered from the mist-wreathed pines at its base. Bear Cliff beyond a doubt!

"How far, sergeant?" asked the captain, never too reliant on his powers of judging distance.

"Five miles, sir, at least; yet some three or four Indians have turned off here and gone—somewhere up there." And, rolling half over, Winsor pointed again toward a wooded bluff, perhaps 300 feet higher and half a mile away. "That's probably the best lookout this side of the cliff itself!" he continued, in explanation, as he saw the puzzled look on the captain's face. "From there, likely, they can see the trail over the divide—the one Little Bat is leading the major, and, if they've made any time at all, the squadron should be at Bear Cliff now."

They were crawling to him by this time, Blake and Schreiber, among the stunted cedars that grew thickly along the rocky ledge. Winsor, flat again on his stomach, sprawled like a squirrel close to the brink. Every moment as the skies grew brighter the panorama before them became more extensive, a glorious sweep of highland scenery, of boldly tossing ridges east and south and west—the slopes all mantled, the trees all tipped, with nature's ermine, and studded now with myriad gems, taking fire at the first touch of the day god's messenger, as the mighty king himself burst his halo of circling cloud and came peering over the low curtain fair at the eastward horizon. Chill and darkness and shrouding vapor vanished all in a breath as he rose, dominant over countless legions of wild, unbroken, yet magnificent mountain landscape.

"Worth every hour of watch and mile of climb!" muttered Blake. "But it's Indians, not scenery, we're after. What are we here for, Winsor?" and narrowly he eyed Ray's famous right bower.

"If the major got there first, sir—and I believe he did—they have to send the prisoners and wounded back this way."

"Then we've got 'em!" broke in Schreiber, low-toned, but exultant. "Look, sir," he added, as he pointed along the range. "They are signaling now."

From the wooded height 1,000 yards away, curious little puffs of smoke, one following another, were sailing straight for the zenith, and Blake, screwing his field glasses to the focus, swept with them the mountain side toward the five-mile distant cliff, and presently the muscles about his mouth began to twitch—sure sign with Blake of gathering excitement.

"You're right, sergeant," he presently spoke, repressing the desire to shout, and striving, lest Winsor should be moved to invidious comparisons, to seem as nonchalant as Billy Ray himself. "They're coming back already." Then down the mountain-side he dove to plan and prepare appropriate welcome, leaving Winsor and the glasses to keep double-powered watch on the situation.

Sixty-five of a glorious, keen November morning, and 60 troopers of the old regiment were distributed along a spur that crossed, almost at right angles, the line of the Indian trail. Sixty-four capped, rough-coated fellows, with their short brown carbines in hand, crouching behind rocks and fallen trees, keeping close to cover and warned to utter silence. Behind them 200 yards away, their horses were huddled under charge of their disgusted guards, envions of their fellows at the front, and cursing hard their luck in counting off as number four. Schreiber had just come sliding stumbling down from Winsor's perch to say that they could hear faint sound of sharp volleys far out to the eastward, where the warriors, evidently, were trying to "stand off" Webb's skirmish line until the travois with the wounded and the escort of the possible prisoners should succeed in getting back out of harm's way and taking surer and higher trail into the thick of the wilderness back of Bear Cliff. "Some of 'em must come in sight here in a minute, sir," panted the veteran sergeant. "We could see them plainly up there—a mule litter and four travois, and there must be a dozen in saddle."

A dozen there were, for along the line of crouching men went sudden thrill of excitement. Shoulders began to heave; nervous thumbs bore down on the heavy carbine hammers, and there was sound of irrepressible stir and murmur. Out among the pines, 500 yards away two mounted Indians popped suddenly into view, two others speedily followed, their well-nigh exhausted ponies feebly shaking their shaggy, protesting heads as their riders plied the stinging quirt or jabbed with cruel lance; only in a painful jog trot could they zig-zag through the trees. Then came two warriors, leading the pony of a crippled comrade. "Don't fire—don't harm them! Fall back from the trail there and let them in. They'll

half the moment they see our tracks! Get 'em alive, if possible!" were Blake's rapid orders, for his eyes were eagerly fixed on other objects beyond these dejected leaders—upon stumbling mules, lashed fore and aft between long, spliced saplings and bearing thus the rude litter—Hay's pet wheelers turned to hospital use. An Indian boy, mounted, led the foremost mule; another watched the second; while, on each side of the occupant of the Sioux palanquin, jogged a blanketed rider on jaded pony. Here was a personage of consequence—luckier much than these others following, dragged along on travois whose trailing poles came jolting over stone or hummock along the rugged path. It was on these that Blake's glittering eyes were fastened.

"Pounce on the leaders, you that are nearest!" he ordered, in low, telling tones, the men at his left; then turned to Schreiber, crouching close beside him, the fringe of his buckskin hunting shirt quivering over his bounding heart. "There's the prize I want," he muttered low. "Whatever you do, let no shot reach that litter. Charge with me the moment the leaders yell. You men to the right," he added, slightly raising his voice, "be ready to jump with me. Don't shoot anybody that doesn't show fight. Nab everything in sight."

"Whoop-oop!" All in a second the mountain woke, the welkin rang, to a yell of warning from the lips of the leading Sioux. All in a second they whirled their ponies about and darted back. All in that second Blake and his nearest sprang to their feet and flung themselves forward straight for the startled convoy. In vain the few warriors bravely rallied about their foremost wounded. The unwieldy litter could not turn about; the frantic mules, crazed by the instant pandemonium of shouts and shots—the onward rush of charging men—the awful screams of a brace of squaws, broke from their leading reins; crashed with their litter against the trees, hurling the luckless occupant to earth. Back drove the unhit warriors before the dash of the cheering line. Dawn went first one pony, then a second, in his bloody tracks. One after another, litter, travois, wounded and prisoner, was clutched and seized by stalwart hands, and Blake, panting not a little, found himself bending staring over the prostrate form flung from the splintered wreck of the litter, a form writhing in pain that forced no sound whatever from between grimly clinching teeth, yet that baffled effort, almost superb, to rise and battle still—a form magnificent in its proportions, yet helpless through wounds and weakness. Not the form Blake thought to see, of shrinking, delicate, dainty woman, but that of the furious warrior who thrice had dared him on the open field—the red brave well-known by sight and deed within the moon now wanning, but, only within the day gone by, revealed to him by the renegade Ralph Moreau—Eagle Wing of the Ogallala Sioux.

Where then was Nanette?

[To Be Continued.]

AN ANCIENT JURY.

One That Was Sent to Prison and Bound Over to Be of Good Behavior.

In olden times, when a jury in England remained impervious to the judge's gentle mode of persuasion, fine and imprisonment were resorted to. The jury that acquitted Sir Nicholas Trockmorton was condemned to eight months' imprisonment in addition to the payment of a large sum of money. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a jury, having reduced a prisoner's alleged crime of murder to that of manslaughter, was at once sent to prison and bound over in a large sum to be of good behavior. Penalties were likewise inflicted upon the innocent wife and children of the offending jurymen. Even now it is believed by some legal authorities that a judge has the right to inflict a fine upon a jurymen refusing to obey his directions. Such power is however, not exercised, except in the case of a juror absenting himself without a cause. Of this practice there is the following story:

A judge had fined a jurymen for non-attendance. On hearing that he had been unable to be present because of his wife's funeral the judge, whose wife was said to be not of a particularly gentle nature, exclaimed: "That was a good excuse indeed. I wish we all had the same!"

Two Good Highlanders.

During the Crimean war a Scotch officer was appointed to command a regiment recruited in Glasgow, Scotland, and being a Highlander, took a vote of the regiment to determine whether the men favored the adoption of the Highland costume.

In due time the regimental orderly appeared before the colonel with the result of the vote.

"Well, orderly," said he, "how many of the men favored the adoption of the Highland plaids?"

"Only two, sir."

"Only two! Well, I am glad I have at least two good Highlanders in my regiment. Who are they?"

"Corporal Flaherty and Private Mulligan, sir."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Would Suit Him Better.

"Did you ever hear of such nerve?"

"What now, Jennie?"

"Why, I gave the janitor one of your old smoking jackets and what do you think he said?"

"Can't imagine."

"Said he didn't smoke, but he chewed, and wanted to know if I could send him a chewing jacket." Chicago Daily News.



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The BOURBON HOME is a home industry—owned by home people; managed by people, and is the latest and most up-to-date Telephone service.

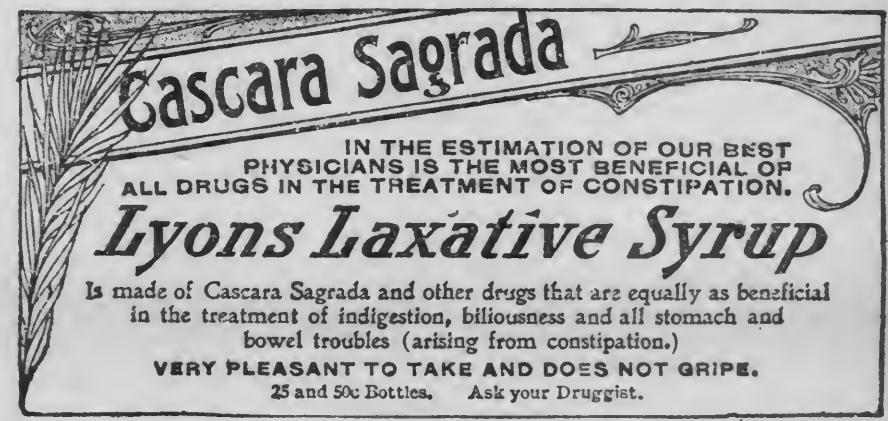
Try one for one month, and you will be convinced of its superiority over all others. There is

NO CROSS TALK.

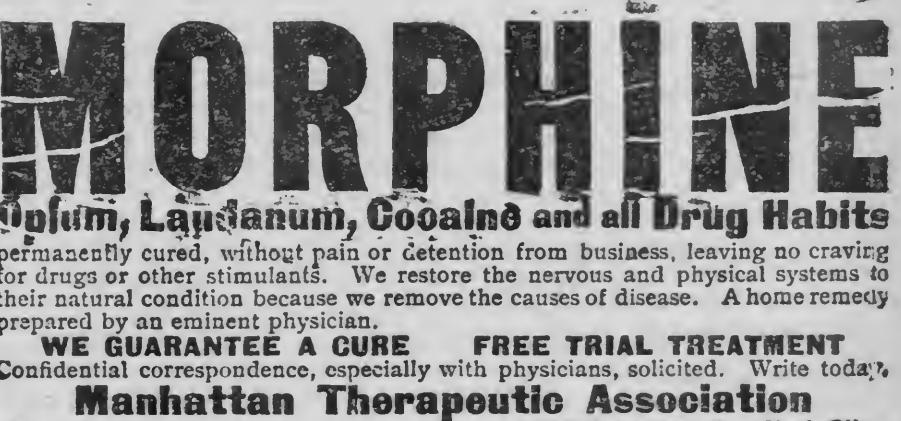
You can transact private business over the HOME PHONE with the assurance that other people does not hear you.

Now Is the Time.

A new Directory will be issued from this office in a few days, so if you want to get your name in it, subscribe at once.



For Sale by G. S. VARDEN & CO., Paris, Kentucky



"YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO WEST"

But if you are thinking of doing so, keep before you the fact that the Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Railway is making Low Round-Trip Home-Seekers' and One-Way Settlers' Rates TO THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST. Also Low Colonist Rates to California, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, British Columbia and other Pacific and North Pacific Coast Points. Ask us for Rates.

L. J. IRWIN,

General Passenger Agent, LOUISVILLE.



They were not Graphophones

If you have not heard the 1903 Perfected Graphophones and Records, you have no conception of the degree of perfection which has been reached. Many years have passed since the first CRUDE TALKING MACHINES were produced, and during those years

GREAT AND WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.,
119 E. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

GOOD ENOUGH.

While the red rose leaves do carpet
All the paths my feet do tread,
With the briars bind me, damning
"Galing in the dark over head;
Whilst my memory stays with me,
Of the good times I have had,
I'll be glad to stay in this world,
For it isn't half so bad.

White nights come again like last night,
And the ox-eyed daisies bloom
In the meadow 'neath the hillside,
And I breathe their faint perfume,
And a memory walks with me
Of a maid, and of a day,
That the yester-year held for me
I'll be happy on the way.

With a tousle-head to meet me,
And to trot home by my side,
I can laugh misfortunes from me,
Meet the mornings happy-eyed;
With her yellow curl uplifted
To each gentle vagrant breeze—
Fshaw! I'd like to live forever
When I get her on my knees!

Long as there be those who love me—
Like with be well worth the while;
Love as both hands reach to me,
Love as lips curve in a smile,
And are lifted up for kisses,
Just so long I'll happy be!
Just so long will this old footstool
Be quite good enough for me!

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

BREAKING THE JAM

By FRANK T. MANN

"WILL do it!" Tom Harding turned from the door, where he stood hesitating, and a look of resolution, that visited his blue eyes only at rare intervals, mingled with the misery in them. "When a man's wife tells him to his teeth that he is a shiftless, drunken creature, and that she regrets the day she first laid eyes on him, then, I take it, that man has little to live for and nothing to lose. Anyway, I shall accept Squire Johnson's offer, let come what may."

He reached into the pocket of his faded, threadbare coat, and drew forth a crumpled sheet of paper. Slowly, for the fifth time, he went over the words printed in large, flaring letters, the ink not yet dry:

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

To the person who will break the jam collecting in the Sabine river two miles above Curtis before damage is done to the lumber mills at that point I will pay one thousand dollars. All risks of the trip to be borne by the one undertaking the work.

W. L. JOHNSON.
President Curtis Lumber Company.

Thrusting the paper into his pocket, Tom strode hurriedly down the sloping sidewalk, and in a few minutes stood before the large brick building which contained President Johnson's office. A wave of indecision swept across his face as he scraped the mud and snow from his well-worn shoes. It was a perilous undertaking, and none knew the danger of it better than he. Then the recollection of his wife's bitter words returned with full force, and he hesitated no longer. "Maggie is a good woman in most things," he said to himself, and the blue eyes glistened, "and maybe I haven't done by her what I might. For her sake and the baby I'll try it."

"Well, Tom, my man, you will undertake to cut the jam and save the mills?" said President Johnson a moment later, as Tom, hat in hand, stood before his desk. "Do you know that it is a dangerous piece of work? There is probably not another man in Alcona county who would run the risk for twice the sum named. Indeed, it was not so much with the hope of saving the mills as it was a formality to secure our insurance rights that the reward was offered. However, if your mind is made up it is not my place to dissuade you. If you are successful the money is yours, and I will add another hundred from my own private purse."

"And if anything happens to me, the money will be paid to Mag—my wife?"

"If the jam is broken, yes."

William Johnson was a kind-hearted man, and as he watched the big, childish lumberman move toward the door a suspicious film blurred his vision for a moment, and there was just the least huskiness in his tones as he bade him God-speed.

"Poor fellow," he murmured, as he turned to his work. "Life has not been all smooth with him lately, and he is in a great measure responsible for his own misfortunes, but I should greatly regret if any evil were to befall him at this work."

In the smaller of the two scantly furnished apartments that constituted their home, Margaret Harding busied herself in the preparation of dinner. Glancing at the cracked porcelain clock on the mantel, she quit her work for the twelfth time, and going to the door, looked uneasily down the long, muddy street. It was deserted save for one solitary figure that came bounding along as fast as his short legs could carry him, regardless alike of the slush of mud and snow beneath his feet and the gusts of wind and rain which came near upsetting him at intervals.

"Say, you hear?" he gasped, as he dashed up to where Margaret stood.

"What do you mean, Bobbie Carson? Have I heard what?"

"About Tom. He's undertaken to cut the jam above the mill, an' mos' everybody says he'll be killed. S'posed you knew about it." And swelling over the importance of his message, the thoughtless urchin galloped on his way.

For a minute or more Margaret stood looking blankly across the street through the dashing rain. Every bitter word she had uttered that morning recurred to her mind in all its cruel strength, and seemed to burn itself in on her very soul in great red letters of fire. The look, half of anger, half of sad reproach, with which he had turned from her and kissed the baby sleeping quietly

in its crib—every incident of their quarrel returned with a significance magnified a thousandfold by her fears.

"I called him worthless and drunken," she said, with dry eyes and pale, trembling lips, "and he is neither. Poor Tom! Though he does drink sometimes, it is through discouragement and disappointment at his hard lot, and he is always kind to me. Oh, God, if I could recall my words! But is it too late? I may save him yet?"

The Curtis Lumber company's mills stood on the level bottom adjacent to the river and about 100 yards from it. Half a mile above the mills the railroad crossed the river over a long iron bridge, and from a point just below the southern end of the bridge an artificial ditch had been cut to float the logs into the mill at high water. It was this bridge and the ditch that were responsible for the trouble which now prevailed.

A Sable river was a roaring, booming, yellow flood. All day the great sawlogs, broken from their moorings above, had been rushing by in thousands. But now immense pine trees, torn up by their roots, were borne upon the bosom of the raging torrent. One of these monarchs of the forest had caught between the two middle piers of the bridge, and formed the nucleus of a rapidly growing mass of timber and debris, the long stems of the great pines writhing and rolling together like the hideous forms of gigantic serpents. Not only was the bridge threatened with momentary destruction, but the dam thus formed caught the waters up and hurled them and their ponderous armature down the ditch and against the mills below, with a violence that must soon accomplish their destruction.

To get at the pine trunk and cut it would release the straining, tumbling mass, restore the raging waters to their natural channel, and save the bridge and the mills. But who to him who cut it?

When Tom Harding, ax in hand, stepped upon the bridge and started on his mission, not one of the group who stood looking on in breathless silence but felt that he was witnessing a tragedy.

"The man is committing sheer, downright suicide," said an old lumberman who had spent his life in the forest and on the river. "It oughtn't to be allowed."

But Tom had already reached the middle of the long structure, and was feeling his way down over the tumbling, grinding pile as only a lumberman can. Now he stood with careful footing upon the huge pine stem, bending under the awful strain, and now he plied his ax with telling vigor, making the chips fly at each powerful stroke. To an eye not cognizant of his terrible danger the sturdy lumberman might have been following his daily vocation for anything in his look or manner that denoted the contrary.

But the woman, wild-eyed and panting, with hair disheveled and hanging in rain-soaked tresses down her back, who just now joined the group on the bank, realized his danger, and a piercing shriek mingled with the roar of the waters.

"Oh, Tom, dear Tom, come back to me! Forgive my cruel words, and come back—for baby's sake and mine!" and she held the little, wet, shivering thing up in full view of its parent out on the river.

He heard not her words, but he saw his child, and every feeling vanished before the paternal. He turned and looked at the towering mass above him, and for a moment those on shore hoped he might escape. But the next! A terrible grinding crash, as the great tree parted, an awful, muffled roar, and for a single instant the lumberman's form stood poised on the broken tree. He kissed his hand once, and above the din came the words, "It was for you Maggie; you and the baby," and then he went down, and was borne away by the rushing swirl of waters.

Half an hour later searchers found a limp, unconscious body suspended to the branches of a tree where it had been left by the now receding waters. It was at first thought that the man was dead, but closer examination revealed the fact that he breathed, and a liberal draught from a lumberman's flask forced down his throat partly restored him to consciousness. That night Tom Harding was carried home to his wife, terribly maimed and bruised, it is true, but still alive. Under her tender and happy ministrations he finally recovered, and from his terrible experience he gleaned a lesson that will last him all his life. To-day not a happier trio lives than Tom and Margaret and their baby.—Farm and Fireside.

CAUSE OF KENTUCKY FEUDS.

President of Berea College, in a Recent Address, Says Education Is Wanting.

Dr. W. G. Frost, president of Berea college, in the mountains of Kentucky, recently made the following remark at the Chautauqua assembly at Buffalo, N.Y., on the mountain feuds:

"The absence of restraint," said he, "is the sole cause of the feud. The mountaineers of Appalachian America are the descendants of colonials, not to be confused with poor whites. They are southerners who owned land, but not slaves, and who were loyal to the flag in the civil war."

The feud area has greatly contracted in recent times. Many killings caused by whisky or sudden anger are classed by newspapers with feud murders. Such is not true.

The case in Breathitt county is a political one—an outbreak unusual, and not to be classed with ordinary feuds. As the death of Hamilton was the occasion of a great sermon by Dr. Knott, which practically ended the duel in America, so we may hope the storm of opposition aroused by the death of Marcus may bring us nearer the end of political assassinations in Kentucky."

The cure for the feud, said Dr. Frost, is educational.

Congo Free State.—The Congo Free State has an area of 800,000 square miles and a population between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000.

What is Gambling?

By REV. FRANCES E. TOWNSLEY.



Gambling is not a modern vice. Outside Jerusalem one long ago day, beneath the shadow of a cross, Roman guards are dividing the garments of the dying. To cut one of the garments is to destroy it. As he holds it to the light, the Roman soldier has a bright thought. Seizing a helmet from his fellow's head, he shakes dice into it, rattles the tiny bits, and announces the result. He is carrying out the superstition of his time, for GAMBLING IS A RELIC OF BARBARISM AND SUPERSTITION. The gods of the heathen were considered va

riable, and to be won over, and their favor or disfavor to be ascertained by games of chance. "To-day science and Christianity (says Dr. Gifford) clasp hands on the certainty of facts and forces." THE GAMBLER IS AN ANNOUNCED PAGAN, AND AS SUCH HAS NO PLACE IN A MODERN CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

THE PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER IS A LIVING LIE. He does not depend on chance, but the credulity of others who do. "His dice are loaded, his cards marked, his cuff-button has a mirror, his sleeves are lined with horse-hair cloth, and stocked with aces." He is the most scientific scoundrel in the city. As a cheat, he deserves summary punishment.

He is a robber and a menace to society.

THE GAMBLER STANDS FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FINER ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER. The drunkard, when sober, may be penitent, affectionate and pitiful, but the gambler soon loses all finer sensibilities, which are dried up by the hot blast of sin.

GAMBLING IS COVETOUSNESS. We want something that in time might be ours legitimately. We cannot wait. Honesty is too slow. We gamble for what is not truly ours. Consequently, the habit unfits one for business. Money that costs little, counts for little. Come easy, go easy, is no motto for business success. Women's gambling at the races is but the result of parlor gambling, resort gambling, childhood training to get much for little. The entire method, I repeat, is barbaric, pagan, superstitious, dishonest and covetous. It has no place in a decent Christian civilization. It ought to be suppressed, quarantined, punished. You and I can help bring on that day!

It is a debt we owe to our country and our God. In our individual circle we must do so, or be untrue to ourselves, as surely as to our Christian faith.

Nothing is ours that is not so by earning, or by bequest or gift. More land often means mortgages. More style means often more scheming. More cash means often a haste that tends to dishonor; and gambling in stocks, in a poolroom, or at a card table, or in the children's play for keeps, is of one piece, and unworthy the claim to nobility.

(SPIT)-(SPIT)-(SPIT).

Specimen of the Siphon-Mouthed Orator Whose Words Flouted Out on the Stream.

We will not mention time, names, or place, but once upon a time in Oklahoma a citizen was made temporary chairman of a convention. He is one of the wild products of the prairies, which the twin territories would do well to keep in the background, says the Kansas City Journal. This fellow belongs to that class of men who are easily influenced by an appeal to vanity, and this was the way the bosses of the convention got him to become recreant to his lifelong political beliefs and old-established party affiliations. He is a lawyer-politician who considers appearance of great importance. In his youth some sweet girl probably told him he resembled Clay or Webster, which caused him to devote himself ever since to trying to look the part. He keeps his vest open and cravat untied. He affects a laydown collar to expose the supposed Byronic curves of his neck. His hair is black, long and flowing, in conformity with the style of the ancient statesmen of the oratorical epoch of our history, but on account of the use of modern headgear stands out and curls up in the back like the perky tail of a strutting drake. His face has a strained look—strained by a strenuous existence, strained by looking wise, and strained, oh, so strained, by chewing tobacco. He is the champion chewer of the territories and the sure-shot spitter of the plains.

This tobacco chewer manifested his peculiarities while acting as temporary chairman of said convention. His position, when speechmaking, is either standing on one foot with legs crossed and weight thrown heavily on his fist resting firmly on the table, or standing erect but head down and scowling wisely, his arms crossed and each hand clutching its opposite shoulder. Thus and then he speaks: "Ladies (spit), gentlemen (spit) and fellow citizens (spit), and members of this convention (spit)," etc. After he has talked and spit himself out he takes a drink of water, sits down and rams home a new quid. Before the permanent chairman relieved him he had circumvallated his front with an impassable arc of filth, while all the other men and ladies on the platform had moved away and beyond the zone of his expectorating fire. Oklahomans could well afford to dispense with the services of such men until they learn to practice the ordinary usages of polite society.

Moral—it would have worked all right if he had been four inches taller.

Enjoying the Sport.

"Perkins," languidly called Fwyddy, "come and take this beastly thing off the hook."

While his man disengaged the fish from the hook and put on fresh bait, Fwyddy yawned drowsily.

"That's what makes fishing such a boath," he said. "Once in awhile you catch one of the slippery things, don't you know that your size and weight are against you?"

Moral—it would have worked all right if he had been four inches taller.

Another Romance Spoiled.

"Are you aware," asked the sweet girl graduate, as they strolled along the sandy shore, "that the moon affects the tide?"

"I know it affects romantic lovers," replied the young man in the scene, "but I was under the impression it lost its power after they were tied."—Stray Stories.

Literal Obedience.

Geraldine—Pa says that we mustn't meet any more, and I must obey him.

Gerald—All right; the next time I'll manage to overtake you.—N. Y. Herald.

Wrong Brand.

He—After all my efforts I'm afraid I haven't been able to make an impression.

She—Oh, yes, you have.

"Then I may hope?"

"No; the impression you made bears the hopeless brand."—Chicago Daily News.

CATARRH DESTROYS THE KIDNEYS

Was Miserable—Could Not Stand Up or Walk—Pe-ru-na Cured.

Many Persons Have Catarrh and Don't Know It.

Mr. James M. Powell, 633 Troost street, Kansas City, Mo., Vice Grand of I. O. O. F., of Cherryville, Kan., writes:

"About four years ago I suffered with a severe catarrh of the bladder, which caused continued irritation and pain. I was miserable and could not stand up or walk for any length of time without extreme weariness and pain. I began taking Peruna and it greatly relieved me, and in eleven weeks I was completely cured and felt like a new man."—James M. Powell.

Hundreds of Dollars Spent in Vain.

Mr. Cyrus Hershman, Sheridan, Ind., writes:

"Two years ago I was a sick man. Catarrh had settled in the pelvic organs, making life a burden and giving me little hope of recovery. I spent hundreds

of dollars in medicine which did me no good. I was persuaded by a friend to try Peruna. I took it two weeks without much improvement, but I kept on with it and soon began to get well and strong very fast. Within two months I was cured, and have been well ever since. I am a strong advocate of Peruna."

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys, liver and other pelvic organs, simply because it cures catarrh wherever lo-

cated. No other systemic catarrh remedy has as yet been devised. Insist upon having Peruna. There are no medicines that can be substituted.

If you do not desire prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

WINCHESTER
RIFLE & PISTOL CARTRIDGES.

"It's the shots that hit that count." Winchester Rifle and Pistol Cartridges in all calibers hit, that is, they shoot accurately and strike a good, hard, penetrating blow. This is the kind of cartridges you will get, if you insist on having the time-tried Winchester make.

ALL DEALERS SELL WINCHESTER MAKE OF CARTRIDGES.

The Bible and the Empire State Express.

A Bible student has recently been figuring on how long it would take the people to make the journey from Dan to Beersheba if they could have had the benefit of the oldest times of the Empire State Express to figure out that the train would have made this journey in less than three hours, although from a reading of the account in the Bible one would think it was a long journey, and it was for those days with their limited means of transportation. Ezekiel, the Coal-dredger prophet, had in his mind's eye something like the Empire State Express when he uttered the words recorded in the first chapter of his prophecy. Look this up and see if you do not agree with the idea.—From the Troy Daily Times.

The New York Central is every day adding to the sum of human knowledge by its marvelous passenger train service.

Bourbon College For Young Ladies.
A School and Home for Girls.



Full corps of teachers, all of whom are specialists. Regular college course; also a preparatory course for entrance into Eastern colleges. Degrees of M. E. L., B. L. and B. S. conferred. Finest home and Christian influences.

Opens September 8, 1903.

For Catalogue, address,

M. G. THOMSON, Principal.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Friday, September 4th,

THE COMEDY SUCCESS

**"Looking
For A Wife."**

NOTHING BUT FUN.

CATCHY MUSIC.

BEAUTIFUL COSTUMES.

PRETTY GIRLS.

SPECIAL SCENERY.

25--PEOPLE=25

PRICES—25, 50, and 75 Cents.

Seats on Sale at Borland's Sept. 1st.

NEW MANAGEMENT.—Mr. Carl Crawford has leased the neat little barber shop located at the Fordham Hotel and has placed Mr. Sam'l Link in charge of same. Mr. Link is a first-class barber and can always be found at the shop ready to wait on his trade.

NEW PLACE.—Mr. Geo. T. Lyons is ready to wait on his customers in his new building, on Main near 10th. He now has one of the neatest saloons in the city.

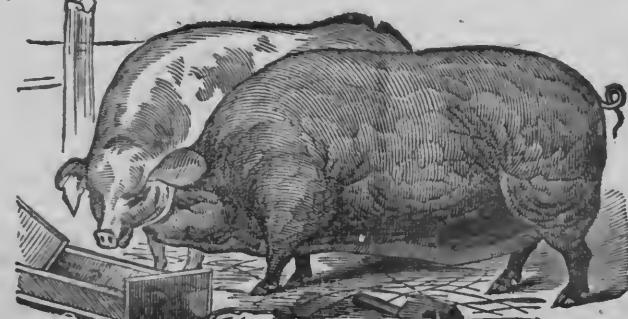
FOR Corn Peas, Hungarian and Millet go to Geo. W. Stuart.

Genuine Blue Lick Water.

I have the agency for the sale of the above water in the city of Paris. It will be served at my soda water counter, or delivered by the case anywhere in Paris. On sale at first-class saloons.

(eot-5sept) C. B. MITCHELL.

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CHOLERA CURE

~~FOR HOGS AND POULTRY.~~

Farmers, you need no longer fear to raise and feed Hogs. We not only claim to cure Cholera, but we guarantee to prevent any such disease from breaking out among your Hogs or Poultry, if our remedy is used as directed. It is also fine for Brood Sows before farrowing, being a good blood medicine, which places them in a healthy condition. You cannot afford to be without this remedy if you expect to raise and feed Hogs, as you will more than make the price of the medicine in the extra gain in your hogs, and then you can rest assured they will have no disease. If they do we will refund the money. Write for testimonials.

REFERENCES { GEO ALEXANDER & Co., Bankers, Paris, Ky.
BOURBON BANK, Paris, Ky.
J. A. WILSON, Druggist, Paris, Ky.

MANUFACTURED BY

LAUGHLIN BROS., Paris, Ky.

Colored A. & M. Fair Association, Georgetown, Ky., Aug. 20-22, '03.

For the above occasion the F. & C. Ry. will sell round trip tickets to Georgetown, Ky., and return at onefare for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 20-22, 1903, and go'd until August 24th.

S. E. HUTTON, G. P. A.

FOR concrete pavements and all kinds of cement work see Geo. W. Stuart.

SUGAR CANE will stand the drought and now is the time to sow. It is one of the best of stock foods. For pure feed go to Geo. W. Stuart's.

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old reliable prompt paying companies—union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

FOR milk cows and fattening stock of all kinds, nothing is better than sugar cane. One acre of it will go as far as three of corn. For pure seed go to Geo. W. Stuart's.

UP-TO-DATE.—Tom Crawford is strictly up-to-date in the tonsorial line and you will not regret having him or his assistants wait on you when you want a clean shave or a hair cut. He employs none but white barbers.

What MITCHELL Says

You will always find fresh Candy at my store.

I carry a full line of fine goods and can furnish any size box.

Fine Crystallized Fruits.

Allegretti's fine Chocolates.

"Oriental Chocolate Bon-Bons" at 40c lb. are world-beaters for price.

If you want the best, I have it.

Yours Truly,
C. B. MITCHELL.

PUBLIC RENTING

—OF—
547½ ACRES
—OF—

Bourbon Land.

As Committee of Geo. G. White, I will rent publicly at the Main Street entrance to the Court-house yard, in Paris, Ky., at 12 o'clock, noon, on

Wednesday, September 16th, 1903,

the farm of Mr. Geo. G. White, known as the Gilt Edge Stock Farm, situate on the Paris & North Middletown Turnpike, near Paris, and bounded on the North by said pike and the Paris Distilling Company's property, on the East by Geo. W. Wyatt, on the South by Stoner Creek and on the West by the Maysville Railroad and the said Distillery property, and contains by survey 547 acres, 2 rods and 22 poles of land, NO CREEK INCLUDED IN BOUNDARY, the line along the creek following the creek "as it meanders on the bank at the distance of about 2 poles from the water in said creek."

This is a No. 1 Bluegrass farm. It lies adjacent to the City of Paris, and has on it one of the best farm residences in the county.

It is well watered and has all necessary outbuildings, including a fine large stock barn with box stalls and good training track adjoining barn.

Besides main residence there is a good two-story tenant house on the farm near the distillery property.

I will first offer the tenant house with 5 1/2 acres of land, as shown by survey attached, and then the balance of the farm containing 542 1/2 acres separately, after which I will offer the entire farm as a whole, reserving the right to accept either bid or reject all bids.

There will be about 215 acres for corn including about 70 acres now in hemp and which lessee may cultivate either in corn or hemp at his option; about 90 to 95 acres for wheat and 15 to 20 acres for oats, and right will be reserved to seed said farm in fall of 1904; and to sow grass at proper time on said wheat and oats land. The balance of said farm is well set in bluegrass.

Said rental is subject to the right of the Paris Distilling Co. to maintain their pumping station near the Railroad bridge, and to deposit offal from their cattle pens in the sinks on said farm in rear of distillery property.

If tenant house is rented separately right of ingress and egress to and from same over balance of farm will also be reserved.

TERMS.—The above lease will commence March 1, 1904, and extend until March 1, 1905, and lessee will be required to execute two negotiable notes well secured, each for one-half of said rental, one due in six months and the other in one year from March 1, 1904, and both bearing interest from March 1, 1904, at 6 per cent.

WM. MYALL,
Committee of Geo. G. White.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer. 19aug

Horses For Sale Privately.

We have on hand for sale, 60 head of nice range horses, weight from 700 to 1300 pounds, from 2 to 6 years old. Can be seen on the Jephtha Butler farm, or James Ferguson farm, near Paris. For further information, address,

J. W. FERGUSON, or
KENNEY BROS.,
Paris, Ky.
Telephone 460, E. Tenn., or
Telephone 416X, E. Tenn. (14autf)

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of Horace Miller, deceased, are notified to settle immediately. All persons having claims against his estate are requested to prove them as required by law, and leave them at the office of McMillan & Talbott, Paris, Ky.

JAMES E. CLAY,
Adm. with will annexed.

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OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,
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We Can Fill Your Every Need in Our Line of Business.
REFRIGERATORS.

Our stock of Refrigerators is complete. You can save enough ice by using one of our Refrigerators to buy it in one season.

GARDEN TOOLS.

We have every thing that is used in a garden that makes gardening easy—Hoes, Rakes, Spades, small Plows, etc. The best brand of Garden Hose on earth can be found at our store.

LAWN MOWERS.

Our Lawn Mowers cut grass just as even and nice as a barber cuts hair.

FISHING TACKLE.

See our display window before you go fishing, and you will see something that you had forgotten to put in your outfit.

OUR SPECIALTY.

We have made a reputation that we are proud of in our Tin Department. If you are contemplating putting on a new Roof, a Metal Ceiling, Slate Roof, a Furnace, in fact, anything in this line, let us talk to you before you place your order. We can convince you by showing you other work done by us that has stood the test, that we can give you superior work and a better price than you have been used to.

LOWRY & TALBOTT.

Millet, Hungarian, Cow Peas and Sugar

CANE SEED

Hay, Straw, Corn and Oats—Mountain Ash Jellico and Kentucky Coals—White Rock Lime in Bulk or Barrel—Portland and Domestic Cement.

Estimates Furnished on Pavement and All Kinds of Cement Work.

GEO. W. STUART,

Office of Yard Directly Opposite

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FOR SALE.—A one-horse carriage, latest style and best make, also a set of fine harness. Apply at 822 Pleasant street, or (auil-tf)

GEO. W. STUART.

HAY AND RYE WANTED.—Highest market price paid for hay and rye.

G. W. STUART.

CAN'T BE BEAT.—For family use, a case of Geo. Wiedemann's Bock Beer can't be beat. It is recommended for home use. Home 'phone 217.

(tf) GEO. T. LYONS. Agt.

TAKES & COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxit. & Bomo Quinine Tablet. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. (april-1-lyr)

Paint This Fall.

There is no better time than the Fall. Weather conditions are favorable to good results. No heavy rains to soak the lumber. Protection against Winter weather.

C. A. Daugherty,

434 Main Street.

'Phones 231.